

BLESSED
BE
HIS
MOST
PRECIOUS
BLOOD

RESTORATION

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COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JULY, 1961

No. 7

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Our Father; Early in June our Father Paul Bechard and I went to Ottawa to prepare, with passports and visas, for our trip to the Holy Land; and also to beg, borrow, or buy, the equipment we need at Madonna House, for the making of stone jewelry.

One night, in the office of a lapidary, I watched the stones turning and turning and turning in their steel tumblers, getting their rough spots smoothed, acquiring a polish. And I remembered that I am a stone in Your hands.

Me Perfect? Gosh!

The stones were tossed around and around, in water and grit and chemicals and soap, for days and days—for weeks and weeks, perhaps. Some require a lot of time to take any sort of polish. I could not help thinking that I too was being tumbled in this way, going around and around in my routine of little things, feeling the abrasions of time and circumstance, tumbling blindly toward the sort of perfection You want for me. It occurred to me that I was as helpless as those stones. All the polishing, all the perfecting, must be done by You. I have only to submit, as a stone submits, to whatever You require.

But no man is really a stone; and every man is, in some degree, a rebel. It is his own will he wants, not Yours. The perfection he seeks, is not the perfection You demand. He wants to be a perfect butcher, baker, stenographer, reporter, banker, doctor, baseball player, business man. He wants to top everybody else in his field. He doesn't want to be holy. And he doesn't want to be bossed in any way.

Keep whirling me around, Lord, grinding me until You can do no more with me. I will rebel, of course, yet I will submit too—because, in my stinging and inadequate way, I love You.

I watched Father Bechard operating the diamond saw. I saw him take a smooth slice of stone, pencil a design on it—a small oval—and guide the saw around the edges until he had a flat oval stone in his hands.

The Daily Grind

Then I watched him make a cabochon out of this beautiful but insipid flat piece. He held it this way and that on the horizontal grind stone, turning it constantly; giving it a tremendous amount of punishment before he had it shaped so it could be set in a ring. Again I remembered I am a stone in Your hands; and that You may want to grind me, as well as to tumble me in Your tumblers. It didn't hurt the stone, since a stone has no feelings. It will hurt me to be ground thus on the grindstone of Your will. Yet, Lord, don't hesitate. Grind me as You will. Pay no attention to my likes and dislikes. I have been petted and pampered all my life. Maybe I've got a rough time coming.

Before we left, Father Bechard bought a diamond saw and some parts of a tumbler. What he couldn't buy he decided to make. It isn't so hard to rig up a system for tumbling stones—if one knows how to do it—but it is absolutely essential to have a diamond saw if one is determined to cut stones for jewelry. And we must have jewelry we are not ashamed to sell; for we depend on the sale of it, in part, to finance our mission to Pakistan, which is scheduled for next year.

The day we left Ottawa I was awakened by the sound of cannon fire.

"Bang!"

One shot. I don't know what time it was. I have no watch. But it was somewhere between the dawn and the daylight. The darkness was watching its relief coming up to take over the patrol.

Bang, Bang, Amen!

I lay there a moment or two, wondering—as any other Chicago newspaperman would—about that gun. Did Ottawa have a sunrise gun? Was the city saluting the dawn? That didn't seem likely. Was it saluting some visiting nabob? That was possible. All kinds of nabobs come to Ottawa, the Washington D.C. of Canada.

Father Bechard was sound asleep. He had heard nothing. I decided to return to my slumbers until he woke. Then it would be time to prepare for Mass. Maybe I had merely dreamed the gun shot.

Before I could shut my eyes the gun spoke again.

"Bang, bang, Amen!"

Maybe Ottawa was giving the visitor a 21 gun salute. He must be a real big shot, to rate that honor so early in the morning. Nobody rated that, I thought, but God.

How wonderful it would be if Ottawa gave You a salute every morning with just one gun! How wonderful it would be if the only purpose of a gun, any kind of gun, was to pass the ammunition and praise the Lord. Suppose guns spoke love instead of hate! Suppose they prayed and never threatened, never wounded, never killed!

I waited for Gun No. 3. It didn't speak. It didn't even stutter. If it had been a 21 gun salute it was over. I had heard not the first two shots but the last two.

His Nose Knows

Father Bechard told me, an hour or so later, that he hadn't heard any guns. He had slept so soundly he hadn't even heard my snoring! Could it have been blasting I heard? A cannon doesn't make a noise like a dynamite blast. It sounds more like a cannon shot than anything else. And I couldn't wait to find out what those shots were all about.

I would go to the seeing eye of the city, I decided, to the listening ear, to the nose that knows. Every good reporter has a nose for news. It is like the nose of a bloodhound on the trail, only different. You can discourage a bloodhound with a judicious sprinkling of red pepper. Or you can divert him by sending a rabbit across his path. A newspaperman's nose always points to the quarry, and he follows it until it gets there.

"Where are you going?", Father asked me after we had finished Mass, and had followed it with breakfast.

"I'm going to find out about those guns," I said. "If there is

(Continued on Page 4)



OUR LADY of the AT-ONE-MENT

by Titus Cranny, S.A.

Two converts to the faith, Fr. Paul and Mother Lurana, started their religious family, the Society of the Atonement, at Graymoor, N.Y., with the avowed purpose of praying and working for Christian Unity. They chose the Blessed Virgin as their patroness and venerated her as Our Lady of the Atonement. Today this title and devotion have received the highest approval of the Church and the feast day is celebrated on July 9.

The Graymoor founders were convinced that Our Lady had inspired them to choose this name and wished them to spread this devotion. They believed they had a mission to make Our Lady of the Atonement known as widely as possible. Under this title the Virgin Mary wears a red mantle, to symbolize and to honor the Precious Blood of Christ shed so profusely for all men. Mary holds the Christ Child in her arms, as though presenting Him to the world; He, in turn, holds a cross in His right hand, for as Fr. Paul explained, the Infant is "not the Babe of Bethlehem, but the Child of the Atonement."

Love gave further significance to the Graymoor name for Mary. Atonement means At-one-ment or Unity. Thus Our Lady of the Atonement is not only the heroic Mother sharing in the sacrifice of Christ, His helpmate in the Redemption, but she is also the special advocate and patroness of Christian Unity. She is Our Lady of the At-one-ment.

On Labor and Art

By Jose de Vinck

It is an all too clear fact that we eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, and that if we do not work, we have nothing to eat.

This truth has been bluntly emphasized in all communist labor camps, and it holds good in a community of contemplatives—even pure contemplatives who do nothing but pray: for them, prayer is their toil, and harder than outsiders may think.

Nowhere in the Bible does it say however that man must eat his bread in the sweat of his drudgery, of the slavery of a mechanical routine, of the spirit-killing boredom of a production line. Man is a Maker of Things: not a cog in a production line. To use a man as a cog is wasteful: for the muscles alone are being used while the spirit weeps and the senses die of atrophy. That is where the machine must move in: to do the many purely mechanical and repetitive tasks of the production line.

There are two kinds of things to be made: the functional and the individual. The functional are characterized by identity and replaceability of parts. They are the products of the engineering mind,

and are good for man as long as their function fills a real need. A car, a typewriter, a washing machine are good: but once they have been properly designed and planned by a rational man, it is a terrific waste of power to use merely the muscles and physical routines of a rational man to produce them: let automatic machinery take over.

The individual things are those only the artist can make: a vase, a piece of music, an embroidery, a picture. Here, reason is needed, and good taste, and all the senses, and every man is sufficiently equipped to both produce and enjoys such things IF ONLY HE WANTS TO.

In between, there are other things, part functional and part individual: a house, a sailboat, a chair. Let the automatic machine do the hard work, prepare the material, relieve the muscles, but let the spirit of man be the guide and master of the task. And I mean the spirit of the man for whom and by whom the thing is being made.

There is something monstrously unsocial in the notion of modern industry: capital building a plant, hiring labor, producing by endless repetition a product that is no better than any other, and which the public does not need but is forced to buy under the pressure of advertising!

Why not let a man do what he does well, what he likes to do? Why not live like the pre-communist Chinese of whom Pearl Buck wrote, a little idealistically perhaps, that it was the only people with "the wit, the sanity, and the culture to make of daily, downright hard work a pastime, a culture and an art?"

I dream, particularly for Canada, of local workshops growing in small places, and making useful things so well that they bring both bread and honor to their maker. And I have a distinct idea of one such workshop that will start operating just as soon as I am through with Bonaventure and John Chrysostom, two very holy but very demanding gentlemen.

Desire

By Mary Lynn Akey

My arms reach like towers: My hands are pinnacled in prayer.

And my heart burns like an altar deep within.

Joyously it leaps towards heaven's gates

To unlock the secret of Hidden Love.

THE POWER OF LOVE

By
Rev. Emile Briere

Let us talk about joy for there is so much joy in our lives and yet so many of us seem to be unaware of that joy.

Joy is the fruit of love. Joy fills a heart when it possesses the object of its love, when its desire has been fulfilled. Why are so many Christians joyless? Perhaps because they do not realize that they possess and are possessed by God.

Joy results also from peace . . . When all things are in order . . . When we realize our misery, our utter poverty and have learned to depend for all things on God's infinite mercy.

All of Him!

God is He-Who-Gives-Himself. Always. He gives Himself to me right now . . . all of Himself. He comes to satisfy all my needs, to fulfill all my desires. He comes humbly, entering only as far as I will let Him into the chambers of my soul. He wants me to become divine—to be self-giving—so that I may enjoy His Presence. He desires to be united with me as intimately as steel is united with fire. He comes to bring me joy.

The Christian life overflows with reasons for rejoicing: The Old Testament reveals God as the Lover of mankind; the Gospels reveal the depths of that love; the Church Christ founded makes us one with Him at Baptism, provides us through Her sacraments with powerful means for deeper union with our Beloved, with one another, prepares us for that most joyful, final, encounter after death; all around us His creation shines with beauty, shouts His tenderness . . . whether in the awesome reaches of space or the breath-taking glory of a drop of water.

There is joy when we know that He Whom we love, loves us; that our Lover does not make us wait for union. Forever He stands at our door, waiting for us to open to Him. Each moment we can meet with Him.

Above all, at Mass.

Rise to Love

For at Mass, Christ takes us to Himself and brings us with Himself into the secret heart of God; tenderly He deposits us with Himself in the bosom of the Father. At Mass, we rise from earth to live in the very Source of our origin. We who came from the hand of Love now return to our beginnings, the Heart of the Father. The circle reaches its perfection—from Love back to Love.

At Mass Christ feeds our hunger with Himself. In truth, we do receive Him Who is our Beloved and the Lover of our souls. We receive Him in His immense fullness, Body, Blood, Soul, Divinity. This is the greatest moment of union, the greatest union on earth. The greatest moment of joy; we possess and are possessed. The All is with us and we are in the All. One with Him and with each other in Him. This is our greatest joy on earth. We thirst for love and Love has come to us. Our emptiness screams to be filled and Infinite Love does come in Communion to fill us to overflowing.

How can a Christian be sad if he has any faith, if he has any humility, if he lives in the truth? We are utter misery. Our misery attracts Infinite Love as an empty canyon the wayward wind. This is joy, to realize that Infinite Love swoops down to fill all our chambers if only we open them wide to Him. Here is Christian joy! Each day Christ waits at the place of meeting. Each day we may experience perfect joy. For each day we can be possessed and possess.

A Gift Supreme

How grateful we are to the Church, our Mother, the Fair Bride of Christ, for the glorious liturgical renewal which she now offers us. A most precious gift. (Continued on Page 4)

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Blood . . . Blood everywhere! Blood shed recklessly. Blood shed courageously. Blood shed lovingly and humbly. Blood shed for good causes. For bad causes. For causes in between.

The blood of murdered tyrants mingling with the blood of innocent victims and holy missionaries. The blood of children, of women, of men, of nuns, of soldiers, and of priests. Rivers of blood—if one just takes a little time and stops and thinks about it and meditates on it.

A strange century, ours. In other days, in other times, man would be horrified at so much blood shedding. Today we calmly read about it in our morning paper while smearing our toast with some fresh marmalade. We have become callous to life and to death. And blood has ceased to affect us. Blood shed by many everywhere. Unless, of course, it be our own blood—a few drops, say, brought forth by a slight cut. Then we get very worried. . . very concerned. We run for a band-aid.

There is a deep mystery in blood. There was one day when men beheld the most Precious Blood in the world. That was the day when they crucified God, and so blood flowed freely from all His wounds, getting lost in an earth that would have cried out in agony if it could.

His Precious Blood washes us clean, makes our souls whiter than snow. Together with the Bread of His Body it feeds us, if we so wish, daily in Communion. It has been shed for the salvation of all, but men today seem to have forgotten God's love for them, God's mercy and God's concern over them. And the Precious Blood means little!

Man has become indifferent to the rivers of blood shed the world over by his fellow man . . . But God is not indifferent. His pierced heart, from which blood and water flowed on the Cross, is wide open to receive the prayers of all of us.

The blood of the modern Abel cries out for the mercy of God to fall on the modern Cains!

Perhaps it is necessary that man should shed so much blood today, for in that river of seemingly useless blood, there is also the blood of the martyrs, which as we all know, contains the seeds of faith.

Let us pray, in this month of the Precious Blood, that the men who have died shedding their blood all over the world, may not have died in vain; and that those who died for love of God and love of neighbor may purify the blood of their executioners, and that all these rivers of blood might enter into the loving Heart of Christ, and there, mingling with His, become our salvation.

FOR HIS GLORY

(This is a letter from a girl in Syracuse, N.Y.)

"I am recovering from an illness, and my doctor, Dr. Eugene Baudreau, gave me a copy of your paper. It was the May issue with the article by Rev. J. T. Callahan, 'The Family Apostolate' which was so helpful. May I offer this prayer with the spirit of Madonna House?

"My dearest God, when I bless myself in the Trinity and am aware that I am a tabernacle in Your Being of the Mystical Body, let me carry my cross each day from my head to my feet which carry me through life; from the left to the right, for I must make many turns through life. Let my shoulders be strong, neither falling forward nor back, neither forward as with a burden, nor back in pride. Let my will be Your will. Help me to be submissive to Divine Knowledge through His creatures, mortal and immortal. Help me to know what I should know, to do what I should do, to forget what I should forget, and to remember the good things You have always given us.

"Dear Lord, help me to use my life for Your glory. Keep me close to You through love and truth. Help me to see Your world in its beauty, in its proper use. Let the world be Your tabernacle, and each person a ciborium. Sincerely Miss Carney."

PRAYER IN THE MAIL

Delegates and alternates of the Passaic County (N.J.) Holy Name Federation are mailing Blessed Sacrament Seals from their homes to neighbors and friends throughout the nation. The red and white stickers read: "Will you say daily—JESUS IN THE SACRAMENT have mercy on us." An indulgence of 300 days can be gained by saying this aspiration. The seals, used in this Eucharistic Movement to emphasize reverence and dependence upon Christ in His Sacramental Presence, can be had from members of the Truth and Literature Committee, P.O. Box 122, Passaic, New Jersey, by mailing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

For Sinners Only

By Eddie Doherty

[You a holy drip or a pious creep? Keep crawling on in your Sunday jeep. You a square? Take the air. You a holy bore? Get out quick and slam the door. You a saint? Well—we ain't. Faint. You a sinner? Come right in, and stay to dinner.]

I have a new slogan in my hope chest; and I want to try it out today. It's just for us sinners. And it goes like this:

Atone with a stone!
Simple, huh? Simple and subtle. You don't get it? Wait until I explain.

Next year, God willing, we are going to send some of our lay apostles to Pakistan. That is a long, long journey; and it will cost Madonna House thousands of dollars just to get the missionaries there. So we're trying to pave the way with stones. All kinds of stones.

We have decided to make stone jewelry and sell it. We have acquired a diamond saw; and we are getting some tumbler ready. Before the summer is over we will be in business, making rings, bracelets, brooches, earrings, bangles, and ornaments of various kinds, out of agate, jasper, petrified woods, and other stones. We expect to make some money. Not much, perhaps, but some. We are still amateurs. Some of us still can't tell flint from jasper or asbestos from rock candy. And some of us have never even heard of a diamond saw or a tumbler.

We have collected a lot of stones, but we need more. And the other day a missionary priest gave us a good idea.

"Why don't you ask the Oblate priests up in the far north and northwest to send you some of the rocks they find? Those men go where nobody else has been before. They constantly see rare stones. I myself once saw a vein of pure silver in a rock by a river bank somewhere in the Yukon. I just looked at it and passed by. If I had known then that you wanted stones, I could have sent you at least a piece of that silver stuff."

"Another time I pushed a rock out of my way. It was a boulder, but I lifted it as though it were a feather. It was pure lava. It had no weight at all. Get in touch with the Oblates. They will be glad to send you stones—especially as it is for your mission to Pakistan. Every stone they send you, may help to save a soul."

But why should I confine this idea to the Oblates in the North and Northwest?

I assure you, one and all, I did not mean to confine it to any particular group, nor to any individual. Everybody who reads this crazy column is invited to send a stone or two, or more, to Madonna House, not an ordinary stone, but one that catches your attention for some reason. Maybe its shape, its unusual color, its extraordinary beauty, its rarity, its mineral content. We'll be glad to take even nuggets of pure gold.

We have built a tiny hut here, just for our present stone collection. We call it St. Stephen's—after the first martyr, who was, incidentally, the first stone collector. It is already too small to hold the stones we have, and more come in every day.

Still, don't hesitate to send your stones to St. Stephen's, Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada—and it is quite true that every one you send may save some soul far across the seas; and you can atone, with every stone, for whatever it is you'd like to atone for. At the same time you're stoning the devil.

Incidentally, in this case, any sinner may cast the first stone. Any sinner can atone with as many stones as he wishes.

No Where to Lay His Head

By Jim Guinan

Stella Maris House, Portland, Ore., Strolling around downtown Portland yesterday afternoon, I was happy to see a number of men lying on the green grass or sitting on the benches reading their newspapers in one of the city's block-wide parks. I was happy because on this day at least there was somewhere for these homeless, unemployed men to read or rest out in the warm sun and clean air.

Last winter time it was different. On the cold rainy days and nights that make up the bulk of the Portland winter their lot was often one of real misery. Next winter the situation of these men may be improved. At least Stella

Maris House is going to do what it can to help improve it.

Stella Maris House, as you know, does not work directly along the lines of the corporal works of mercy. We became involved in the problem more or less by accident. Early in February a man came to our door who was without a place to stay. Kathy, who was temporarily in charge while Mary Kay Rowland was away asked me to call Welfare and see if anything was being done about the problem of men without shelter in Portland. Mr. Gus Lange, the Administrator of Multnomah County Welfare Commission, said that nothing was being done, but that several members of the Commission were interested in the problem. He invited me to their next meeting to present any information I could gather.

Since Mary Kay was expected back shortly, Kathy decided to await her arrival before taking any further action on the matter.

Sleep at a Movie

On her return Mary Kay decided that I should take a survey of the waterfront area where most of the single men congregate and try to determine the size of the problem in order to present some findings to the County Welfare Commission.

In the course of the survey I talked to several of the men who run missions in the area, and to the desk man at one of the cheapest hotels (45c a night). I also interviewed a number of the men who were lined up for food at the Blanchet House, and attended one of the cheap all-night theaters (25c a night) where many of the men who haven't the price of a bed go to catch a little sleep.

The finding of this brief survey, which indicated that about half of the down and out men in the area had no bed to sleep in at night, was presented to the County Welfare Commission. Most of the Commissioners seemed interested, as Mr. Lange had suggested, but indicated that the State Welfare Commission would have to take the initiative on such a problem, and suggested I present my findings to them.

We succeeded in getting on the agenda of the State Welfare Commission meeting early in March. In preparations for this meeting we embodied the findings in a more formal report and had copies to hand out to each of the State Commissioners. I read the report at the meeting which was attended by thirty or forty people besides the Commissioners. We tried to make clear the necessity for action to be taken on the matter. One of our concluding paragraphs stated:

Under the Bridges

"It seems clear to me that the people of Portland have a responsibility to provide shelter for the hundreds of men in Portland of varying ages and in varying degrees of physical health or illness, who are now forced to brave the elements at night because of lack of shelter. Since the private charitable groups in the waterfront are all operating at the peak of their capacity, it seems apparent that either the Welfare Dept. or the City government must take the initiative in seeing that such shelter is provided. Through talking to the men I am confident that a clean warm building with adequate floor space, even if without beds, would be greatly preferable to the box cars and underside of bridges which now serve them."

The Commission did little besides indicating that the matter would be taken up at the State legislature then in session. But reporters at the meeting saw it as a good story, and within the next few days the three Portland Dailies had first, second, or third page stories with pictures outlining the plight of homeless men in Portland. These stories later stimulated some radio and TV news comments on the plight of the men, and were partly responsible for a TV program that was done of Blanchet House about the first of May.

The most practical outcome, however, was a meeting which the Portland Community Council called at the suggestion of Mr. Lange. Some fifteen representatives from different interested agencies met to form a Committee on Homeless Men. Mr. Lange indicated he would try to get funds to provide shelter for the men until the summer, but that he was especially interested in our developing a good program for the men which could be implemented in the fall.

Still Working at It

Mr. Lange was unable to get the funds he desired, and with the summer now with us the problem is not as immediate, but the Committee has been at work gathering further data on the men, and will be operating all summer in order to submit to Mr.

Lange a workable program. Presently we have in mind, in addition to a method of providing shelter for all homeless men in the city, some sort of day center where certain services not now in men, and where the men would have a place to lounge in bad weather; and some method of distinguishing the employable man from the man who requires a long period of rehabilitation, in order to better help the two types of men.

Dr. Maxwell Jones, who is from the State Hospital in Salem and has an international reputation in the field of the mentally ill, attended the last meeting of the Committee, and emphasized the importance of making some kind of distinction between these two types of homeless men.

Since Mary Kay has offered my services to be Chairman of this Committee on Homeless Men until a plan that we can recommend is formulated, I would deeply appreciate your prayers that as a result of this Committee's work the plight of the homeless men in Portland will be improved, and that empty box-cars, the underside of bridges, and cheap all-night theatres will cease to be their normal habitat.



What Price Today?

By Harry Holt

Silver Chalice in carnal camp,
How do you feel today?
Where are the knights of yesterday,

With morals to display?

Silver Chalice in carnal camp,
What is the price we'll pay,
When trumpets' peal awakes the night,

To signal Judgment Day?

Silver Chalice in carnal camp,
How did we go astray?
You promised us eternity,
But we preferred today!

ANTIQUE BOOKS

Again, we bring to your attention, dear friends, some REAL BARGAINS IN ANTIQUE BOOKS which we sell to make money for our missions. Definitely this is for a charitable purpose. We think our books are bargains, comparing them with various catalogues of antique books. So if you are a collector, the books listed may truly interest you:

Amiel's Journal (The Journal in time of Henri-Frederic Amiel). MacMillan & Co., 1890. Hard cover. Perfect condition Collector's item. First edition. **Price \$5.00**

Barnum's Own Story of The Boys and Girls of America. P. T. Barnum. R. S. Peal & Co. 1891. Natural History from a new standpoint. Condition good with the exception of slightly torn back binding. Hard cover. Clear print. Good illustrations. Collector's item. **Price \$8.00**

The Beautiful, The Wonderful and The Wise. Published by Bradley, Garretson & Co., Brantford, Ontario, Canada 1884. A compilation of some of the most notable things in poetic literature, in science and in art, in history and biography, in earth, sea and sky, in philosophy and music. CANADIANA. Collector's item. Containing truly every kind of literature. Good condition. Hard cover. Gold embossed nature design. **Price \$7.00**

Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By William Elder. Publishers: Charles & Peterson, 1857. Perfect condition. Hard cover. Description of arctic exploration. Definitely collector's item. **Price \$10.00**

Capital and Labor. Rev. W. S. Harris. Published by Bradley, Garretson & Co., Brantford, Ont., 1907. Illustrations by Paul Kraft. Very rare book. Sold by subscription only. Extremely valuable as Labor and Capital History. Definitely Canadiana. Perfect condition. Hard cover. **Price \$20.00**

Devout Christian, The (Instructed in the Faith of Christ from the Written Word). In two volumes by The Right Rev. Dr. George Hay. Vol. II. Sixth edition. Richard Coyne, Dublin, 1825. Poor condition. Back cover missing. Bound in leather. Brown stained with age. No missing pages however. **Price \$10.00**

LOOKS AT BOOKS

Two Centuries of Ecumenism, by George H. Tavard, 239 pages, \$4.95, Fides Publishers, Notre Dame, Indiana. Reviewed by Michael Lopez. It seems that in our minds the words ecumenism or ecumenical are invariably associated with the coming Ecumenical Council convened by the Holy Father, to be held in the Vatican. A look at the dictionary reveals that ecumenical means universal, but these days the word is applied to the movement of thought and action concerned with the reunion of Christians. Father Tavard covers very thoroughly the history of modern ecumenism, starting with the early 19th century.

If the reading gets a bit heavy at times, it is because of the nature of the subject. The different personalities and groups active in the ecumenical movement are discussed with special attention to the development of thought since, as the author points out "ecumenism is above all an intellectual movement . . . practical efforts toward reunion achieve their full meaning in the framework of the theology which they represent." This view seems to be corroborated by the fact that Catholics and Protestants are much closer in Europe—where Protestants place a greater emphasis on Theology—than in America.

We Catholics certainly should be very well informed on the ecumenical movement, its history, its future, its problems, its progress. Reading "Two Centuries of Ecumenism" is one step in that direction. Another step would be our fervent prayers that one flock under one Shepherd may soon be a reality.

A Guide to Mental Prayer with Mary in Mind—Conferences given to men and women of the Carmelite Third Order. Chapter I is a translation from the Dutch of Father Valerius Hoppenbrouwers. The discourse in Chapter III is by Frederick J. P. Rosenheim, M.D., T. O. Carm, a regular contributor to MARY. Edited by Fr. Howard Rafferty, O.Carm. Carmelite Third Order Press, 6415 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago 37.

Thinking of Mary—having her in mind—especially when trying to meditate, one is just about reduced to exclaiming her virtues! In his introduction, Father Rafferty expresses the hope that "all who read this book will come to realize the benefit of a rule of life approved by the Church. Such a rule includes all that is necessary to obtain maturity in Christ toward which every member of the Carmelite Third Order is striving."

In the first chapter the author sees a resemblance of the role of the Blessed Virgin in the spiritual life of her children, to the role of a mother in ordinary life. Mary, her Son's teacher: mother, her child's teacher. We read in the Bible: "Mary taught the law to Him, . . . and He advanced in wisdom and age and grace." Near the end of the book you find mention of Fr. Titus Brandsma. In the Carmelite Order he was known and honored as a learned and saintly man. The Nazis persecuted, tortured, and killed him at Dachau. Shortly before his death in the concentration camp, he wrote this poem which he called "My Cell".

"A new awareness of Thy love,
Encompasses my heart;
Sweet Jesus, I in Thee and Thou
In me shall never part.

No grief shall fall my way, but I
Shall see Thy grief-filled eyes;
The lonely way that Thou once walked
Has made me sorrow-wise.

All trouble is a whitelilt joy
That lights my darkest day;
Thy love has turned to bright-
est light
This night-like way.

If I have Thee alone,
The hours will bless
With still, cold hands of love,
My utter loneliness.

Stay with me, Jesus, only stay;
I shall not fear
If, reaching out my hand,
I feel Thee near."

—J.B.B.



Dear Brother..

By Catherine Doherty

I have written you quite a few letters. I have no idea if any of them have helped young men to make up their minds about clarifying their vocation . . . to the many RELIGIOUS BROTHERS existing in the Catholic Church. But I thought it time to close this series of letters by giving you the names and addresses of the Orders of Brothers and to assure you of my humble prayers on your behalf.

Alexian Brothers, C.F.A.
Signal Mt., Tennessee

Brothers of Charity, C.F.
1245 Redpath Crescent St.
Montreal 25, Canada

Christian Brothers of Ireland
New Rochelle, New York

Christian Brothers
Notre Dame Institute
Alfred, Maine

Brothers of the Christian Schools
330 Riverside Drive
New York 25, New York

Franciscan Brothers of Brooklyn
41 Butler Street
Brooklyn 31, New York

Franciscan Missionary Brothers
of the Sacred Heart of Jesus
R.R. 3, Box 39
Eureka, Missouri

Franciscan Tertiaries of the
Holy Cross
St. James Trade School
R.R. 1,
Springfield, Illinois

Poor Brothers of St. Francis
Mt. Alverno School
Price Hill
Cincinnati 38, Ohio

Francis Xavier, Brothers of
4409 Federick Ave.
Baltimore 20, Maryland

Good Shepherd Brothers
601 Second St. W.W.
Albuquerque, Mexico

Brothers of the Holy Eucharist
P.O. Box 679
Pineville, La.

Hospitalier Order of St.
John of God
2035 W. Adams Blvd.
Los Angeles 18, Calif.

Brothers of Mercy
Ransom Rd.
Clarence, New York

Patrician Brothers
7820 Bolsa Ave.
Midway, California

Edmundite Brothers
Mystic, Connecticut

Maryknoll Brothers
Maryknoll, New York

A FEW AUTO SUGGESTIONS

By Catherine Maynard

Casa de Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona; Please jump in and let me take you for a ride.

Oh, no, the handle isn't stuck. That's just some sawdust. It clogs up everything. Keep pulling. The door opens eventually.

I hope for a miracle every time I turn this key. But I always know I have to open the hood and start from inside.

Oh, please stay there, it's hardly any trouble at all to open this hood. With one more muscle I could do it so effortlessly. Phew.

The scissors? Part of the equipment to drive this car. If held in the right position . . . see, like this . . . one point touches one screw, and the other point hits a second screw, and when they're both touched at the same time, vrrrrrrmm starts like a charm. Clang! Crash! Bang!

Sorry, but you have to close the hood with vigor, or it doesn't catch tightly. Hmmm? Wonder why we're not going?

Oh, it's that big black Jack puts so thoughtfully behind the wheel. Nothing else seems to keep it from rolling back.

Thanks, anyway, but we've tried putting it in gear. All the gears! As we bounce and bump along what we loosely call streets, I'd like to reminisce a little about other cars we have had.

Cars In My Life

You know this is the fifth car in four years in Winslow, and though you'll find this hard to believe, it's really about the best one. I have a sentimental attach-

ment though, for Judie 1, a 1936 Buick that brought us from Canada to Arizona in May of 1957. Judie worked herself into the dump from May to October. Bumpy roads and slamming kids loosened her doors on their not too steady hinges. Rattling doors resulted in broken windows. It was summertime and we didn't mind that at all.

Next the trunk came off RIGHT IN MY HAND, RIGHT ON THE MAIN STREET OF TOWN. The hinges were a bit on the rusty side, and my grip too heavy for their delicate condition. When we had to tie two doors together with a rope, and when a big hunk of running board broke off under foot, we faced the sad truth . . . Judie had had it, and so had we! Judie II, a 1959 station wagon, was donated at the moment we needed her most, a few minutes before Judie I went to the dump. We had only one complaint about our second car; she had a champagne taste, and thought that gasoline was champagne. She consumed gallons, then was so full she could only crawl about 6 or 7 miles on a gal. The decision was a hard one to make, but we had to eat too! Other good friends donated a 1953 Studie and Judie III replaced Judie II.

Judie III had all her nuts and screws and bolts when we got her, but I think she was a delicate child for the wear, tear and roads of Southside. Things soon began to rattle and shake and no amount of vitamins, trips to the country, and days in the sunshine, made much difference. At the end of a year you wouldn't have known her, so we put her out to pasture.

Now Francis I

Judie IV, a hale and hearty '53 Plymouth drove all the way here from Illinois. After a short four-day rest, she carried four people to Mexico City and back (about 4000 miles) and we had to bolster her morale and encourage her only once the whole way. Endless jaunts to the Indian Reservation, Phoenix, Grand Canyon; taxi service to church and catechism classes; and the humps and bumps of our bad roads left their mark on her. Within the last two months of her life with us, she had two severe breakdowns, so while there was still hope, we turned her in, to spend her last moments of life, on the smooth, even streets of the other side.

Perhaps we had worn out St. Judie. So when car No. 5 was purchased (the first one we had to buy) we named him Francis. He's cocoa brown color, and we got him on Oct. 4th. What would you have done?

I don't want Francis to hear me. He's sensitive. But he, too, will soon have to go. Gears that don't hold, aren't much good to a car, are they? Francis is a good-looking car, clean and in tip-top shape on the inside, and a few dollars would make a new vehicle of him. We hesitate to fix him up for the Southside let-down. Our roads and our needs demand so much from a car, that we dare to say, only a newer, sturdier vehicle could take it!

Sometimes I have nightmares in which I hear all our little ex-autos screaming out: "Please don't squeeze so many people in me."

"Ouch that bump hurt!" "Give me a rest. All I do is drive, drive, drive."

"Have a heart . . . I'm old and tired!" Does anyone know where we can get a car with sturdy springs good tires, miles per gallon, youth and stamina, and Mucho seating capacity?

Most important of all, do you know where we can get one for about \$5000? That's all we've got to spend!

A Summer Sunset

By Sally Murphy

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alberta—It is Saturday evening. On the way back from throwing a piece of junk into the garbage, I realized how long it was since I took a good look at the evening sky. I sat in the front seat of the truck with the door open and my feet hanging down outside the truck. There was no sound but that of a car horn far off and the Continental train being readied for its journey to "Edson, Chilliwack, Blue River, Kamloops, Boston Bar, New Westminster and Vancouver."

There was a little time before prayers. Bill and Paul were still trying to figure out how to jam a few more boxes of bread into the basement, which was full of celery. Mitch was walking around the house with two pails of water for the peonies.

Unnamed Colors

Looking around the back yard I realized that summer had come very quickly and very quietly. The pig food could be left out all night now without freezing. The mud in the back lane had dried up. Around the base of the telephone pole there was grass. The tree in the neighbor's yard had little green leaves. And it was 8 o'clock and still softly bright. There would be another hour of daylight which would linger gently and gradually begin to fade into a star-studded night. Night breezes were beginning to blow. The sky was pale yellow and pink and purple and many unnamed colors.

Our truck seemed to be drinking in the unaccustomed peace, too. It had been touring the streets all day, waiting at the back doors of grocers and bakers, carrying off bread and clothing for the poor. I looked up at the sun visor and saw a little card stuck there. It said "Our Lady of the Highway, protect us on our way. All thy ways are beautiful and all thy paths are peace." Busy city streets and back alleys are the beautiful ways and peaceful paths traversed by our truck. They are where Our Lady leads. Maybe she goes with the truck—begging for clothes and food for her Son . . . leaving a blessing of peace for the giver.

If Halls Could Talk

On the other side of the schoolyard I could see three Union Jacks flapping in the breeze. One was on top of the solid red Immigration building where new arrivals from foreign countries used to stay. The peak tide of immigration has subsided now. It is easier for some people to get a job in their homeland than here in Canada. So they stay on the other side of the Atlantic, many of them. And some here go home. The many Hungarians who escaped to Canada during the Fight for Freedom in '56 have now been absorbed into the City's life. The Immigration Hall was home for many of them during their first days in Edmonton. It could tell a lot of stories.

Another flag topped the Provincial Hostel. Many of the transient men who come to Marian Centre for meals are sheltered there. It is a large dormitory for unemployed men who are not residents of Edmonton. The migratory labor force. During the winter they walked the streets. There was no hope of work and the men grew irritable and restless. A couple of men could be seen walking toward the Hostel from where I sat. Even from a distance I could see that they were laughing. The summer brings a smile, a joke, relief from the cold, hope of a job on a farm or a construction gang. Or maybe digging a hole or running a tractor or working in a mine.

Boys Will be Boys

The other flag flew above Queen's Avenue school. Lots of interesting things go on in the yard if you could stop to watch. Little boys beating each other up. Big boys kicking soccer balls. Big boys kicking little boys kicking soccer balls. There is a pole vault right next to our back lane, and future Warmerdams heave their little bodies over three-foot high barriers and land smack in a pile of sand.

Usually they get tired of jumping over the barricade and settle for making castles in the sand pit. This is a little hard on the next crew of wiry little athletes who come along, because when they jump they bust the sand castles of the previous group and a fight starts. Even if they didn't bust the castles, a fight would probably start anyway, just on general principles. I used to try to break it up, but they got sore at me for spoiling their fun, so now I just sit and watch.

I was watching a line of little boys marching in the evening light into the school yard yelling some sort of a song and carrying what looked to be white window frames. They marched around the yard, singing and carrying their window frames, and my mind wondered idly what they were doing. Just then a Chinese lady, very old, walked by in the lane with a very tiny little Chinese in a carriage and a slightly larger girl by her side. I nodded to her, and she to me. She said something to me in Chinese and I said "Nice night, isn't it?" At this she began laughing very hard, and was still chuckling to herself as she and the two small girls disappeared up the lane.

The Protectors

Meanwhile the little boys had set their window frames down in a straight line and were now jumping over them. They were hurdles. At this point that was now fairly obvious. One of the little boys had brought an even smaller brother, who kept wandering into the running and leaping

area, and was in terrible danger of having his brains knocked out by somebody's flying feet. However, the bigger boys solved the problem by sitting on the little fellow in turn to keep him in one place and away from the danger area.

I swung around in the seat and thought to myself that it would be nice to drive right out of the yard and out onto the highway and into the sunset. "Ba-room" I thought to myself, mentally gunning up the truck. "Ba-room, ba-room and away . . ." Mitch returned around the corner of the house with her two pails, and I could see Bill stuffing the last piece of garbage into the rack. "Where are you going?" Mitch said.

"No place," said I, sliding out of the truck. Then I could hear the bell ringing for Compline. I think I will watch some more sunsets this summer.

I CLARIFY..

By Catherine Doherty

Many times I have been asked by visitors why I bow so low, with what people call a "monastic bow", when I say the "Glory Be to the Father" . . . and during the consecration. And why do I kneel so often during the "dignum et iustum est"? Why do I do things differently from the established norms?

The simple answer is that I cannot help myself. I desire with a great desire to obey the rubrics and rules of standing, sitting, and kneeling, which each diocese has established for itself. But when the moment comes I just cannot help myself. And without even realizing it, there I am, bowing deeply and doing things differently from the others.

As The Twig Is Bent

Perhaps it is because I belong to both sides of the coin. Perhaps it is that God has placed me in the North American continent JUST BECAUSE OF THIS DIFFERENCE. For, I, in myself, as it were, am an Ecumenical movement. I typify the Eastern liturgical ways and the Western.

I am a Russian, with a Polish background. I am a Roman Catholic. But I have been brought up in the depths of Russia, where no Roman Catholic Rite existed. And I have been educated in the very heart of the Latin Rite. Paris, London, and other parts of Europe. And in Asia and Africa, in Catholic French convent schools.

I guess blood is stronger than habit, and the spiritual approach of the Eastern Church has deep roots in me; and so, practically unconsciously, I revert to its ways.

For to me worship means the involvement of the whole man. I am not inhibited. I am utterly indifferent, in truth, to the opinions of others, and to their reactions; not in an uncharitable fashion, but because these things are too small to matter.

To me, for instance, it would be impossible, not to make a gesture of adoration that should come so naturally for a creature before its Creator. If I cannot fall on my knees, as I sometimes feel I should, I must at least bow deeply before the Lord of Hosts. When I say this tremendous, immense, wondrous payer . . . "Glory be to the Father, to the Son and the Holy Spirit . . ."

World Without End

To me this prayer is one that I would like to repeat constantly and, in fact, do often through the day. For what was I created, but to adore and worship God in deep love and gratitude for the gift of life everlasting!

What better prayer is there to glorify Him except that of implementing prayer in daily living? Work is prayer too. And every act of man should be a prayer—these commands of love.

Take the "Dignum Et Iustum Est", the liturgical prayer of thanksgiving. How is it possible to say it standing up? The only way to say it is to prostrate oneself flat on the ground! The body seems to cry out to do so. There is so much to thank God for . . . for the love of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit! For the Father's giving us His Son. For His Son's incarnation, resurrection and redemption. For His Son's parousia . . . or second coming. For the Mass, the Eucharist, the Sacraments, the Abiding Presence of God in the Blessed Sacrament. For His mercy and His constant loving concern for us. For graces, constantly and abundantly given through Our Lady and the Saints.

The litany of gratitude mounts and mounts, unbearably sweet, making us realize our poverty and utter dependence. In what posture can a creature thank a Creator? At least, on bended knees . . . so speaks the Eastern mind.

This has to be understood by the West, or the Ecumenical Council is not going to work too well. And all dialogues will peter out before they are really begun between East and West. It is the understanding of the little things that make us different from one another that will, in the end, solve this stormy problem.



Love Your Enemies?

Russian spiritual directors, for instance, do not ask very much about your background, your education, your virtues, or your vices. Their opening sentence, on your first visit is a very simple one. They ask, "Do you love your enemies?" A startling question for the Western mind, but a perfectly natural one for the Eastern.

If I haven't begun to love my enemies . . . I haven't begun to love my neighbor with the love of Christ. In other words, I haven't begun my spiritual life.

There are so many various accents. I keep telling the members of our apostolate THAT ONE HAS TO "BE" BEFORE GOD . . . BEFORE ONE CAN "DO" FOR GOD. I am trying to express in my own fashion, my Russian way, that prayer in all its width and breadth, (from liturgical prayer to mental and contemplative prayer) is the first step in becoming an efficient lay apostle for God.

Prayer leads to knowledge. Knowledge leads to love of God. Love of God leads man to love man. Not just simply love with the will, but with the emotions, with the mind, enthusiastically. Love without counting the cost to oneself, as Christ loved.

Different and Difficult

I often marvel at the charity of the members of our apostolate. My way of putting things, spiritual things, my ways of worshipping God, must look very foreign to them, and be very difficult to understand.

Yet I often think, looking back on the strange way in which God brought me from Russia to the North American Continent, that perhaps He did it so that the children of this vast continent, at least those who come in contact with me, might have a walking audio-visual lesson as to what they will be up against when they really begin a dialogue with the East.

Maybe . . . just maybe . . . God made me a bridge, not very large, not very wide, but a bridge between East and West.

OUR OWN WHO'S WHO



Albert P. Osterberber, who is smiling at something he found inside the hood of a car is a mechanical engineer, and one of the best. Motors are like cats when he's around them. He makes them purr.

Albert was born in New Orleans, La., May 3, 1932. He graduated from the Jesuit High School in that city in 1950, then spent four years in Louisiana State University, emerging with a B.S. in mechanical engineering.

He worked for the General Electric Co., in Cincinnati, Ohio. He spent some time in the gas turbine department, as an engineer; and he also had some technical marketing training. He served in the U.S. Air Force at Macon, Georgia. He was accepted as a Staff Worker Applicant on January 6, 1959, and made his first promises the following August 15. He worked, for a time, at Marian Centre, Edmonton.

Recently "Al" made a trip to Europe with Louis Stoeckle; and discovered the world is much smaller than he thought.

THE FAMILY APOSTOLATE

By
Rev. John T. Callahan

I have received from the Critchley family of Connecticut a rather interesting card relative to the Cana movement. It describes a Cana Spiritual Treasury and says that the Archbishop of Hartford, his auxiliary Bishop, and his priests, have volunteered to offer some six hundred and fifty masses annually, and to make a remembrance in some one hundred and fifty masses daily, for the strengthening of family life within the Archdiocese and for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the members of the Cana Spiritual Treasury.

Membership consists mainly in the making of the intentions to participate in the fruits of these masses. This may be done through a regular saying of the prayer that is prescribed for this movement. It is urged that this prayer be recited by the family as a family, daily if possible, but of course individual members as part of the moral unity that is a family, may recite it privately for the benefit of all.

No Zoning Law Here

While the Cana spiritual treasury primarily is designed for the spiritual welfare for families within the archdiocese of Hartford, membership is not restricted to them.

The death of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, upon the cross, is the great treasure. The holy sacrifice of the Mass is the key which unlocks this treasure, from which can be derived an abundance of graces for all the needs of mankind.

It is only necessary to unite yourselves with these masses of the Cana treasury to share their benefits.

PRAYER

In Union with Our Lord Jesus Christ
Who at the Marriage Feast of Cana
changed water into wine,
In union with the priests of the Archdiocese of Hartford
Who at Mass offered to You,
Almighty God, the perfect gift of love, and
In union with other members of the

Cana Spiritual Treasury,
We as a family offer our gift of prayer and sacrifice,
of daily joys and sorrows,
of countless irritations and of as many blessings,
That family life in the Archdiocese may be strengthened,
That those families in particular
need this day may receive of Your special help and
That our family may find the strength and grace to achieve its

happiness and to give You glory
As its members become more perfect in love. Amen.

There is an Imprimatur for this prayer and an indulgence of 200 days given by the Archbishop of Hartford.

These cards may be obtained from Cana House, Hamden 14, Connecticut.

Are Parents Unfair?

(The following is reprinted with permission from "Master your Tensions and Enjoy Living Again" by Stevenson and Milt, publishers Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J.)

"A common complaint of children is that their parents are unfair. 'They won't listen to me.' 'They make me do what they want without considering my side of it.' 'According to them, I'm never right.' 'They have only one answer to everything, and that answer is 'No'."

"Comments like these are often quite exaggerated and amount to little more than a half-mocking gripe. But in many cases they do arise out of a real resentment and justified grievance. Let's admit it. Parents are often unfair. They do, on occasion, force arbitrary decisions on their children, without looking into both sides of the question. And they do jump to hasty conclusions without hearing the other side of the story."

"To a child, parents can appear quite formidable. It takes a tremendous amount of courage for a child to stand up to them and argue out an issue, and not many of them will do it. Instead they are likely to go off sulking, swallowing a bitter feeling of resentment. Let this happen often enough and they are apt to develop a cynical, defeated, 'what's the use' attitude, and withdraw from contact with their parents. Then their parents will wonder why they're 'so sullen, difficult, and hard to talk to'."

"You know how wounded and resentful you feel when someone in authority (like your boss or a

policeman or traffic court judge) forces you to accept an unpleasant, arbitrary, and unjust decision. Well, that is the way your children feel—only much more so, because they expect more consideration from a parent."

Let Him Explain

"What does 'being fair' mean? It means putting yourself in your child's place and trying to see things the way he sees them. It means giving your child a chance to explain why he insists on doing or having the thing to which you object so strongly. After hearing the explanation, you may still be of the same mind, but at least you won't send your child off feeling that you've 'condemned him without a hearing.'"

"Betty Lou had been taking piano lessons for several years. When she entered high school, she was overwhelmed by her studies and had much less patience and energy for the piano. Mother was furious. All she could see was 'all that practicing and money going down the drain.' Betty Lou pleaded she was too tired to practice but mother insisted on rigid adherence to the one-hour-a-day practice schedule."

"One evening, after a trying day in school, Betty Lou stormed away from her practicing and told her mother she was through with the piano. Mother retaliated by telling the girl she was not going to get a party dress she had been promised. For the next few days there was silent warfare between the two. Finally, the girl exploded. She wept and shouted and accused her mother of being cruel, inconsiderate, and unfair."

This was a disheartening and painful episode, but it shocked the girl's mother into the realization that she had, indeed, been inconsiderate and unfair. After the storm they sat and talked and Betty Lou got her message across. The immediate conflict was settled by permitting the girl to drop her lessons for a few months to give her a chance to adjust to her school program. A long-term gain was made, too. Mother resolved she would never again force a decision on her daughter without first considering the girl's views."

"It does not, as some parents may think, indicate weakness to admit an error and to reverse a decision. On the contrary, it indicates maturity and strength. It will not hurt your prestige and authority to do this. It will gain your respect, admiration, and love."

THE POWER OF LOVE

(Continued from Page 1)

The whole movement has been summarized in one sentence by the late beloved Pope Pius XII: "To bring the people to the Mass and the Mass to the people." The intense efforts presently going on in so many of our parishes deal mostly with bringing the people to the Mass. The accent at the present time is on greater participation in the divine liturgy by all degrees of the priesthood... the Baptized, the confirmed, the ordained.

Together they meet, no longer unduly separated, no longer harshly divided into active and passive. The Church asks us to participate—all of us, united in place, in voice, in mind; united especially in heart. We come together now as a body, no longer merely as individuals. Sorry for our sins, that is, for our selfishness, since every sin is a breach of love, a refusal to give of oneself—we gather to meet the Lord. We meet Him in the words of the Scripture to which we listen with longing, as the parched earth waiting for the rain.

We look at the priest offering the bread and wine, our gifts, ourselves. Gifts over which the Spirit will breathe and transform into Christ. United we pray to our Father. United we walk to the table and eat the Lord.

To Appreciation

Slowly, our Mother, the Church, turns her attention to the second half of her loving project: to bring the Mass to the people. Peacefully, quietly she prepares more gifts for us. Her scholars laboriously study the past; meet, discuss, petition the Holy See, make recommendations. Gradually the Fair Bride of Christ prepares more gifts for her children. Gradually, we will participate more fully in her great act of worship; gradually, we will understand it, appreciate it more deeply.

We take a long time, unfortunately, to adapt to these changes. We've grown accustomed to our own way of attending Mass. We are a little disturbed, many of us, by these changes. Perhaps because we've become inhibited. We find it something of a shock to hear our own voice in Church. Some of us have learned to use

missals and to follow the Mass privately. We find "distracting" these invitations to break out of our selves. But it should not be distracting.

It is not a distraction to be aware of our brothers in Christ, to unite with them in praise, in song, in prayer. In a mysterious way we are a part of them and they are a part of us. Let us recognize who we are. Let us discover with joy that we belong to a community of which Christ is the head, to which He gives His life, the life which is Love.

The Mass will become the greatest moment of joy in our lives in the measure in which we appreciate our need, our neighbor, and the Infinite love of God. It will be an ecstatic joy for it will take us "out of ourselves" and that is ecstasy.

Let us rejoice at Mass! Joy fills us when we are united with our Beloved, with our Lover. We can be united with Him at all times, right now. But especially at Mass when we meet Him all together. When He lifts us all to the bosom of the Father; His beloved Father Who is our Origin, our Life, our End.

Such is the power of love. The power of the God Who is Love.

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page 1)

a sunrise gun in Ottawa. I want to know about it. There is a noon gun. It is possible there may be one at sunrise, and another at sunset."

"Where will you find out?" he asked.

"The city editor of one of the local dailies will know," I said.

I Query My Quarry

"I see," Father said. "You go to query your quarry."

I found my quarry in the city room. He didn't know anything about a sunrise gun. He was quite sure there wasn't such a thing in Ottawa. He hadn't heard the gun that morning. Maybe what I heard was somebody blasting.

"It may have been blasting," I said. "But it sounded like a gun."

"I'll find out and let you know," he said. "I'll give you a call right after lunch."

But, Lord, right after lunch Father Paul had completed all his arrangements. He had picked up the diamond saw and such parts of the tumbler as we could obtain for what money we had. And he was ready to return to Madonna House and start making stone jewelry to sell, so that next year we will be able to finance our mission to Pakistan.

It's going to be a rocky road to Pakistan, Lord. Please help to pave it for us.

With all my love, what little there is of it—Your Eddie.

A FREE AD

By Catherine Doherty

Once I wrote an article in Restoration called "The Angry Earth" because I felt saddened about the way Mother Earth is being mishandled and milked by the greed of modern man, his machinery, and his chemical fertilizers which produce an unnatural harvest, leaving nothing to feed the earth that has given the harvest. Poor Mother Earth! Rushed, pushed, and violated by unnatural fertilizers that endanger man's health.

Restoration does not accept any paid advertisement, nor would I accept any payment for the information that follows these few lines. But Mr. Roy Thompson is a friend of ours who loves the earth. He understands it. He understands farming as a way of life. He wants his family to learn to live on the earth, which also means to live close to God and behold the face of God in nature and glorify the Lord in its laws and beauty. So here is the little ad that Mr. Thompson has asked me to place in Restoration, and which I gladly do.

"Organic farmer gardener (wife, three children—ages 8, 10, 12) well qualified to manage your property. Understand composting, soil and humus building (including Bio-Dynamic method) animal care, basic nutrition. We are a Catholic family, in excellent health and gifted with an instinctive love of Nature, plants and animals. Capable, clean-cut, dependable. Character references. Prefer permanent position with salary and family living quarters. Wife, former executive secretary, will consider limited part-time employment. Address:

R. F. Thompson,
C/o Walter Buschman Farm
Sugar Loaf,
Orange County, New York.

One Man's Scrap is Another Man's Gold

By Catherine Doherty

Every time I write the title of this column, I marvel at its factual truth. For indeed, what is to some just a pile of junk they wish they could get rid of (for it clutters needed space) is precious, every little scrap of it, to someone else.

Take eye glasses, for instance. Glasses break. New prescriptions are needed. No one knows what to do with the old ones. People die. Their glasses cannot be used by anyone else, or rarely so. And in some drawer GLASSES ACCUMULATE.

But we welcome joyously these glasses. They go to India, and to Africa, where adults and children need them desperately. It is a project of the Canadian optometrists. We lovingly sort the glasses we receive, and drive a few miles to a little village where our good optometrist checks them and sends them along where they ARE SO NEEDED.

Take old gold, broken rings, broaches, gold or silver ones, old coins that people have brought back from Europe or from some of their travels, war souvenirs, a few pieces here and there, lost in sewing baskets, hidden amongst paper clips and rarely opened desk drawers. And take us. We are about to open a bank account for OUR LADY OF PAKISTAN. For it is into the hills of Chittagong, East Pakistan, that we are preparing, with the grace of God, to send a team in the near future.

But the trip, the cheapest way, by air, costs over \$900 for one person. Someday soon we will have to beg for just plain cash. But in the meantime, we are trying to raise money in every way possible to an apostolate, in which every one is poorer than a church mouse. But old gold and silver, and paper money, and coins of foreign countries, America and Canada, (which are out of circulation), can be re-sold, though not for terribly much. After a lot of work, sorting and cleaning, they will bring us little more than the face value of the coin maybe. But, little by little, OUR LADY OF PAKISTAN ACCOUNT WILL GROW. So if you have any old coins—gold and silver in any shape or form—we will be glad and grateful to receive them.

Remember my talking about rock collecting and lapidary work? Slowly we are getting into business. Some day soon our tiny little workshop will produce rock jewelry—which is very popular just now, adding to the bank account for Pakistan's mission—a few pennies, or a dollar or two. But rocks must be collected.

HAVE YOU ANY OLD KNAPSACKS, BAGS OF HEAVY CANS, VAS... WE SURE WOULD LIKE TO GET SOME. And while we are on the subject of rocks, maybe there is an old microscope someplace that someone would like to get rid of... we would be grateful for it, as well as for magnifying glasses of any kind.

We stand in need of chairs—all kinds of chairs. The paucity of chairs in Madonna House is frightening.

Picture frames... any size, any shape, made of anything, will be welcome. We frame holy pictures in them and give them away (to decorate poor homes) to those who cannot afford to buy them. And books, children's and adults', for our Catholic library are always welcome. Any kind of plumbing supplies, including sinks and such—second hand, of course—will be gratefully received, for we are building, as you know.

Remnants of wool are still needed... so are oil paints and artists' supplies. And of course, typewriters.

NEW CANADIANS

are invited to the National Shrine of OUR LADY OF THE CAPE on Sunday, July 9th, for a pilgrimage organized for the purpose of honoring our valiant Catholic families of foreign birth who have immigrated to this country. Bishop Georges-Léon Pelletier of Trois Rivières, who speaks several tongues, is scheduled to celebrate an open-air Mass at 11 A.M.

The Journey

("Stop the earth, I'm getting off," the lady said.) (News item)

Before you came aboard the shrinking Earth,
Before the mammoths died in the steaming jungle
Before the serpents hung from banyan trees
Or man or beast found any cause to wrangle

There was peace and plenty, song and silence, lady,
But Adam was lonely, then, Adam was single.

When you got on, the Earth was knocked off center
But life got meaning, lady, life went plural.
The haggling with time began, and never ended.
But clocks and calendars have gauged the peril
Of men who climb the curving ramp of power
And stumble headlong from Time's endless spiral.

You nagged at Adam and your taunting daughters
Have never failed to hold up Pride's warped mirror
That mimics God, a mask for envious men
Who sin a little, but magnify the error
Over the centuries till the shape of guilt
Contours before the face of judge and juror.

You cannot quit the race in pout or fury;
The earth was tossed in orbit by a finger
That toyed with many candles in the dark;
But let us dally with the words of anger
Restless on tongues of men and change their sound
To ruth and pity in this hour of danger.

No man escapes the sovereign grip of earth
By wish or fiat since men have to measure
Beauty and fear and power by five senses.
Better to smother doubt in pools of azure,
And take the law of gravity as fact,
The orbit of the earth is Love's enclosure.

You cannot shed your anguish like the skin
Of serpents and put on a softer garment.
Expose your harried soul to friend and stranger
And share with them the pain of Time's slow torment.
No matter where you run you meet the cortege
Of dancing girls who herald Pride's interment.

The seed of love is larger than the atom
That dims the sun and fouls the drifting shadow
And poisons love's sweet fruit with Time's infection.
Slow doom runs windward toward the barren widow
And sterile virgin and all wombs that ache
In emptiness before the mind's bright voodoo.

Stay with us, lady, till we find the answer,
Not to the why or how a loud voice uttered
"Fiat lux," and the first star split wide open,
But to the when and where as stars are scattered
With "Fiat nox" across the universe;
Stay until then and we shall be unfettered.

Fear cannot swerve a planet from its course.
Earth dangles on a plumb bob from Polaris
And rutted deep roll the unchanging stars.
Follow the Dipper handle toward Arcturus,
Then lift your eyes to Vega overhead,
Light pluses through your veins.
The flesh is porous.

No man is wholly bad. Perfection's Hell
Belongs to Satan, and no lesser foe man.

God put his brand upon the minds of men
And burned still deeper on the hearts of women
And both may share in mischief and in malice
But none can hide His mark on all things human.

Life has a start and finish. Some day earth
Will part the hawser as you sit there darning
With diplomats and demagogues asleep
And brains of sage and savant slowly churning
Lost symbols of the Sermon on the Mount
As Gabriel lifts his trumpet without warning.

Don't stop the earth until you make this query:
"Lord, have we gone too far? by inch or fraction
That anger owns a louder voice than laughter?"
If reason dims the wilful mind's direction
Then love must shift its pinions to the wind.
O Lady, pause and ask the heart's instruction.

—A. M. Sullivan.



COMBERMERE DIARY

This summer should break all our records for guests and visitors! One of the Staff commented that in the month of May we averaged over 100 visitors per week.

Visitors included: Cathy Maynard, enroute home to Arizona; Fr. Victorin, O.F.M. Cap.; Fr. Cashbeck of North Bay, Ont.; and a group of 15 people; a workshop of the National Film Board with Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, Mr. B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Donovan; Fr. Raymond, O.F.M. Conv., and a group of five from Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. J. Mac Rae, of the Kemptville Agriculture School; a group of five Franciscan priests from Ottawa; a large group of the Tom Gibson firm from Toronto; John Sabbatt of Buffalo; Dr. Peter Peluso, and a dental clinic; several seminarians; Mr. and Mrs. Field of Toronto, and Joyce Field; the Hoogterps of Michigan, and many others—as the Visitors' Book records.

Staffer Al Osterburger attended a course on Volkswagen maintenance in Toronto. Maggie Gilmore spent a week of her holidays, studying the problems of alcoholics, in a hospital ward in Cleveland. Louis Stoeckle gave a lecture on the Lay Apostolate at St. Mary's College in Brockville. Mary Jean Beaudoin took a Red Cross course in Guelph. Catherine Doherty addressed the Annual Convention of the Catholic Women's League of St. Catherine's Diocese.

Eddie's interest in rock collecting has sparked quite a few of the group, and their field trips are bringing in some interesting specimens.

The Summer School of the Lay Apostolate, and the Cana Colony are solidly booked for this summer, and we hope that those who will attend will obtain new apostolic perspectives.

A new combination weaving cabin and boat house now adorns the grounds of Madonna House.

May your holi-days be holy-days of re-creation, refreshment, and relaxation!

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